

## **BRING-A-FRIEND GATEWAY VOYAGE®**

*by Jacquelyn Phillips*

*In the course of her eighty-six years in Earth-school, Jacquelyn Phillips has pursued a variety of professions. Commercial art was her first career. She was a riveter for Douglas Aircraft and later a draftsman for the Women's Army Corps during World War II. After the war, Jackie married and raised a family, then worked as a real estate broker and agent. In recent years she has attended the GATEWAY VOYAGE®, GUIDELINES®, LIFELINE®, EXPLORATION 27®, and MC<sup>2</sup> and participated in the Dolphin Energy Club. She is certified at the highest level as a healing touch practitioner. Before moving to Iowa City in 2001, she was the founding director of the Center for Healing Intervention (CHI), which opened in 1997. It was the first integrative medicine center on Virginia's Eastern Shore. Now she is bringing that same missionary spirit to Iowa City and is coordinating training for other healing touch practitioners as well as bringing TMI to Iowa in the form of an EXCURSION workshop led by OUTREACH Trainers Robert and Marinda Holbrook.*

When Laurie Monroe sent a notice that The Monroe Institute® was offering a significant tuition reduction for both a returnee and a friend attending the *GATEWAY VOYAGE*, I was intrigued. What would it be like to take this introductory program a second time? Would it be like going to kindergarten again? Or might it reopen channels that seemed to have been clogged of late, sort of like a roto-rooter? Determined to go, I invited four friends I thought might be interested in exploring altered states of consciousness. Two accepted the challenge to attend.

Participants included the usual exciting mix of people from all over the United States, and also from India, Australia, and the Netherlands. We were twenty-three voyagers led by two brilliant trainers, Penny Holmes and John Kortum.

This definitely was not kindergarten. For me, this second *GATEWAY VOYAGE* was every bit as powerful as any of the TMI programs I have been privileged to attend. It did, indeed, restore my ability to meditate, my ability to "see beyond" the ordinary. While listening to tapes in my CHEC unit, I witnessed some awe-inspiring scenes: wild horses leaping chasms, a mountain pool wherein swam a dolphin, puzzling over how he could have come from the ocean to a mountain pool. At one time I saw a large eye closing slowly in a wink and later white puffy clouds superimposed over a starry, cobalt blue, midnight sky. It was exciting to contemplate the message of these visions.

Before we began our journeys at The Monroe Institute, we had been asked to refrain from conducting business or sending or receiving telephone messages except in emergencies. The day before the *VOYAGE* ended, Ross, a farmer from Australia, received an emergency telephone message from his wife. Their only source of water, a large cistern, was empty. There were no clouds in the sky presaging rain; there was no wind to power the windmill. What should she do? We decided that our group could concentrate on manifesting wind. We formed a circle and sang three powerful rounds of "om." The next morning at breakfast, Ross reported

that his wife had called again. A wind had come up, the windmill had pumped water from a deep aquifer, and the cistern was three-quarters full. Coincidence?

Having “volunteered” to write about this new Bring-A-Friend *GATEWAY VOYAGE*, I decided to ask fellow participants to send me an account of their own experiences if they felt so inclined. Here are a few of their responses.

Jayne recollected the program this way: It was all astounding to just relax for six days and be with like-minded people, to have all decisions made for me. I didn’t even have to decide what to eat, not to mention cook. The feeling of joy and love amongst our group was so special. I am definitely not a groupie or workshop junkie, yet I felt so relaxed and comfortable. It was as if I found myself there. It all went by too quickly.

Alice said: The highlight of my experience at The Monroe Institute is to really appreciate, on a very deep level, that indeed I am much more than my physical body. And how this has translated on the emotional level is that it has allowed me to shed my “emotional baggage,” thereby liberating me from the self-doubt associated with it. The experience has instilled in me more confidence to pursue more of my “dreams,” because I also realize that my dreams are on a level of consciousness truly reflecting my soul’s longings and soul’s attitudes.

This last contribution is from Barb: The night before our *GATEWAY* group would disband, Penny said, “The trouble with you guys is that you think you are normal.” We all laughed. I laughed pretty hard myself. After all, I had just watched *Welcome Back, Norman*. It took me a little under forty-eight hours to get “Normanized.” Grocery lines were always at a standstill and I was always in a hurry. Other drivers were too slow, too stupid. Instead of thinking about Focus 21 and the way each of us is bound to the other in the folds of a loving universe, I found myself thinking the word moron a lot.

Then came Jacquelyn’s request. I thought I might read through the journal I kept while at TMI and find a section I could draw from. Each entry was like an old photograph.

Focus levels and other worlds seemed more like a recent dream, fogged over from days of forgetting.

Then I remembered the hamsters. During one TMI exercise, Ross and I worked as a pair. Ross had given me his psychic answer to my unvoiced question regarding whether or not to get a new pet for my daughter. My daughter had been begging to get a miniature pig or a hamster. Ross, not knowing my question, envisioned some “furry round things behind black stripes.” We now are the proud owners of not one, but two, hamsters.

As my week at TMI progressed, I remember feeling awed at the loveliness emerging in each person. It was as if all things superimposed and untrue began to fall away, revealing more and more of the true beings of love that we are. The gift I treasure most is the memory of watching each person’s face unfold, more beautiful than the day before, until at last we were no longer twenty-five social presentations of people, but instead one exquisite jewel with twenty-five radiant facets.

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